MR. DOOLEY ON DIVORCE

By F. P. Dunne. Pictures by Gordon Ross.

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LL, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see they've been holdin' a Divoorce Congress."
"What's that?" asked Mr.

Hennessy.
"Ye wudden't know," said Mr. " Divoorce is th' on'y luxury supplied be th' law that we don't injye in Ar-rchev Road. Up here whin a marrid couple get to th' p'int where 'tis impossible f'r thim to go on livin' to-



"In Kentucky Baldness is Grounds f'r Diveorce."

gether they go on livin' together. They feel that way some mornin' in very month, but th' next day finds thim still glarin' at each other over th' ham an' eggs. No wife iver laves her husband while he has th' breath iv life in him, an' anny gintleman that took a thrip to Soo Falls in ordher to saw off th' housekeepin' expinses on a rash successor wid find throuble ready f'r him whin he come back to Ar-rchey Road. No, Sir, whin our people grab hands at th' altar, they're hooked up f'river. Marredge with us is a life sinunce at hard labor. There's on'v wan decree iv divoorce that th' neighbors will recognize, an' that's th' wan that entitles ye to a ride just behind th' nall heavers. That's to a ride just behind th' pall bearers. That's why I'me a batch. 'Tis th' fine skylark iv a timpray 'husband I'd make, bringin' home a new wife ivry Foorth iv July an' dischargin' th' old wan without a charackter. But th' customs

iv th' neighbors are agin it.

"But 'tis diff'rent with others, Hinnissy.

Down be Mitchigan Avnoo marredge is no more bindin' thin a dhreum. A short marrid life an' an onhappy wan is their motto. Off with th' old love an' on with th' new an' off with that. 'Till death us do part,' says th' preacher. 'Or th' jury,' whispers th' blushin' bride.

Th' Divoorce Congress, Hinnissy, that I'm tellin' ye about was assembled to make th' laws iv all th' States on divocree th' same. It's a tur-rble scandal as it is now. A man shakes his wife in wan State on'y to be grabbed be her an' led home th' minnyit he crosses th' border. There's no safety f'r anny wan. In some places it's almost impossible f'r a man to get rid iv his fam'ly onless he has a good raison. There's no regularity at all about it. In Kentucky baldness is grounds I'r divoorce; in Ohio th' picthure hat. In Illinye a woman can be freed fr'm th' gallin' bonds iv mathrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin a wife can have her maiden name back because th' old man ates

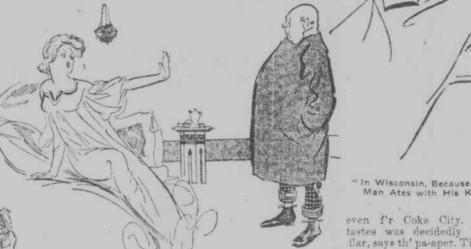
"In Nebrasky th' shackles ar-re busted be-"In Neurasky th' shadles ar-re busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divoored i'r annything if ye know where to ledge th' compdaint. Among th' grounds ar-re snorin', desiness, because wan iv th' parties dhrinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't dhrink an' th' other does, because they both dhrink, because th' his hand is losin' his teeth, because th' wife is addicted to sick his teeth, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last \$10 he gave her, because he knows some wan else, because she injyes th' society iv th' young, because he f'rgot to wind th' clock, because she wears a switch. A husband can get a divoorce because he has more money thin he had; a wife because he has less. Ye can always get a divoorce f'r what Hogan calls incompatibil ity iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife ar-re both cross at th' same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'er fam'ly, Hinnissy.

"But, mind ye, none iv these reasons go in anny two States. A man that wants to be properly divoorced so there's no danger whin he crosses th' river at Cincinnaty that he'll have to wheel th' baby carredge that give him his freedom will have to start out an' do a tour iv any

gr-reat Raypublic. An' be th' time he's thurly released he may want to do it all over again with th' second choice iv his wild, glad heart.

"It wad be a grand thing if it cud be straightened out. Th' laws ought to be th' same ivrywhere. In anny part iv this fair land iv ours it shud be th' right iv anny man to get a divorce, with alimony, simply be goin' before a limited in the Posce and Justice iv th' Peace an makin' an affidavit that th' lady's face had grown too bleak f'r his taste. Be Hivins, I'd go farther. Rather than have people endure this servichood I'd let anny man escape be jumpin' th' conthract. All he'd have to o if I was r-runnin' this Government wad be to put some clothes in th' grip, of write a note to his wife that afther thinkin' it over f'r forty years he had made up his mind that his warm nature was not suited to





nother iv so manny iv his childher, an'

go out to return no more.
"I don't know much about marrid life, except what ye tell me an' what I r-read in th' pa-apers. But it must be sad. All over this land enhappily mated couples ar-re sufferin' now an' thin almost as much as if they had a sliver in their thumb or a slight headache. Th' misfortunes iv these people ar-re beyond be-lief. I say, Hinnissy, it is th' jooty iv th' law to marcifully release thim. Ye take th' case iv me frind fr'm Coke City that I was readin' about th' other day. There was a martyr f'r ye. Poor fellow! Me eves 'filled with tears thinkin' about him. Whin a young man he marrid. He was a fireman in thim days, an' th' object in his

th' object iv his ctarnal affection was th' daughter iv th' most popylar soloon keeper in town. A gr-reat socyal guif opened between him. He had fine prospects iv ivinchooly bein' promoted to two-fifty a day, but she was heiress to a cellar full iv Monengahela rye an' a pool table, an' her parents objected, because iv th' difference in their positions. But love such as his is not to be denied. Th' bold suiter wen. Together they cloped to Pittsburg an' were marrid.

gether they eloped to Pittsburg an' were marrid.

"I'r a short time all wint well. They lived together happily f'r twinty years an' raised wan iv th' popylous fam'lies iv people who expect to be supported in their old days. Th' impechase lover, spurred on be th' desire to make good with his queen, slugged, cheated, an' wurruked his way to th' head iv th' railroad. He was no longer Greasy Bill, th' Oil Can, but Willum Aitch Bliggens, th' Prince iv Industhree. All th' diff'rent kinds iv money he iver heard iv rolled into him, large money an' small, other people's money, money he'd labored f'r an' money he'd wished f'r. Whin he set in his office countin' it he often left a call f'r tin o'clock f'r fear he might be threamin' an' not get to th' roundhouse on time. But, bein' an American citizen, he soon felt as sure iv himsif as though he'd got it all in th' Probate Coort, an' th' arly Spring saw him on a private car speedin' to New York, th' home iv Mirth. He was raycieved with open ar-rms be ivry wan in that gr-reat city that knew the combynation is th' safe. He was taken f'r yacht rides be his fellow-Kings iv Fi-nance. He was the principal guest iv honor at a modest but tasteful dinner, where there was a large arti-ficyal lake iv champagne into which th' comp'ny cud dive. He become th' prize package iv th' Waldorf. In th' on'y part iv New York ye iver read about- ar-re there no churches or homes in New York, but on'y hotels, night restaurants, an' poolrooms?—in th' on'y part iv New York ye read about he cud be seen anny night sittin' where 'h' lights cud fail on his bald but youthful head. An' little Angelica Gumdrop, th' lady next to th' end iv th' first row on th' right, looked on him with those big eyes iv hers that said so little an' meant how much

'And how was it all this time in dear old Coke. City? It is painful to say that th' lady to whom our frind was tied fir life had not kept pace with him. She had taught him to r-read, but he had gone on an' taken what Hogan calls th' postgrajate coorse. Women get all their book larnin' befure marredge; men afther. She'd been pretty active about th' childher while he was picki more iddycation in th' way iv business than she'd iver dhream iv knowin'. She had th' latest news about th' throuble in th' Methodist Church, but

he had a private wire into his office.
"A life spint in nourishin' th' young, Hinmissy, while fine to read about, isn't anny kind iv a beauty restorer, an' I've got to tell ye that th' lady probbly looked diffrent fr'm th' gazelle he mand to white three times i's white he wist he

c him th' last cow'rdly wenpon iv brutal wives-their tears. One time she thraveled to New York an' wan iv his frinds seen her. Oh, it was crool, crool. Hinnissy, tell me, wud ye condim this gr-reat man to such a slavery just because he'd made a rash promise whin he didn't have a cent in th' wurruld? Th' law said no. Whin th' Gr-reat Financeer cud stand it no longer he called upon th' Judge to sthrike off th' chains an' make him a free man. He got a divoorce."

locked her in. She ever wint so far as to dhraw

"I dare ye to come down to my house an' say thim things," said Mr. Hennessy. "Oh, I know ye don't agree with me," said Mr. Dooley. "Nayether does Father Kelly. He's got it into his head that whin a man's marrid he's marrid, an' that's all there is to it. He puts his hand in th' grab-bag an' pulls out a blank an' he don't get his money back. 'Ill-mated cou-ples?' says he. 'Ill-mated couples? What ar-re ye talkin' about? Ar-re

there anny other kinds? Ar-re there anny two people in th' wurruld that ar-re perfectly mated?' he says. 'Was there iver a frindship



fr Divoorce."

that was annything more thin a kind iv suspension bridge between quarrels?" bridge between quarrels?'
he says. 'In ivry branch
iv life,' says he, 'we leap
fr'm scrap to scrap,' he
says. 'I'm wan iv th'
best-timpered men in th'
wurruld, am I not? ('Ye
are not, 'says I.) "I'm wan
iv th' kindest iv mortals,'
he says, 'but put me

he says, 'but put me in th' same house with Saint Jerome,' he says, 'an' there'd be at laste wan day in th' month whin I'd answer his laste wan day in th' month whin I'd answer his last wurrud be slammin' th' dure behind me,' he says. 'Man is nachrally a fightin' an' quarrelin' animal with his wife. 'Th' soft answer don't always turn away wrath. Sometimes it makes it

worse,' he says, 'Th' throuble about divoorce is it slways lets out iv th' bad bargain th' wan that made it bad. If I owned a half in a payin' business with ye, I'd niver let th' sun go down on a quarrel,' he says. 'But if ye had a bad month I'd go into coort an' wriggle out iv th' partnership because ye're a cantankerous old villain that no wan cud get on with,' he says.

"'If people knew they cudden't get away fr'm each other they'd settle down to life, just as I detarmined to like coal smoke whin I found th' collection wasn't big enough to put a new chim-

collection wasn't big enough to put a new chimbley in th' parrish house. I've acchally got to nike it,' he says. 'There ain't anny condition iv human life that's not endurable if ye make up ye'er mind that ye're got to endure it,' he says. 'Th' trouble with th' rich,' he says, 'is this, that whin a rich man has a perfectly nachral scrap with his beloved over breakfast, she stays at home an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' he goes out an' does nawthin' but think about it, an' that afthernoon they're in their lawyers' office,' he says. 'But whin a poor gintleman an' a poor lady fall out, the poor lady puts all her anger into rubbin' th' zinc off th' washboord an' th' poor gintleman aises his be murdhrin' a slag pile with a shovel, an' be th' time night comes ar-round he says to himsilf: "Well, I've got to go home annyhow, an' it's no use I shud be on-happy because I'm misjudged," an' he puts a pound iv candy into his coat pocket an' goes home an' finds her standin' at th' dure with a white apron on an' some new ruching around her neck,' he says. "An' there ye ar-re. Two opinions."

"In Nebrasky th' Shackles are Busted Because Father Forgot to Wipe His Boots."

"I see on'y wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "What do ve raaly think?" "I think," said Mr. Dooley, "if people want-ed to be divoorced I'd let thim, but I'd give th' childher th' custody iv th' parents. They'd larn thim to behave."

The Death of the Old Joke

round steak at th' same time.

That day was past. She hadn't got to th' p'int

where she cud dhrink champagne an' keep it out iv her nose. Th' passin' years had impaired all possible foundations f'r a new crop iv hair. Sometimes conversation lagged.

"Coke City (levely haunt iv th' thrust as it is) is a long way fr'm th' Casino. Th' last successful exthravaganza that th' lady had seen was a

lecture be Jawn B. Gough. She got her Eyctalian opry out iv a music box. What was there f'r this joynt intelleck an' this household tyrant to

talk about? No wondher he pined. Think iv

this Light iv th' Tendherloin bein' compelled to

set down ivry month or two an' chat about a new

tooth that Hiven had just sint to a fam'ly up th' sthreet! Nor was that all. She give him no rest. Time an' time again she asked him was he comin' home that night. She tortured his proud spirit be recallin' th' time whin she used to flag

him fr'm th' window iv th' room where Papa had

(Apologies to Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year.")
By MARTHA YOUNG.

HE frost of age is on his brow, Yet should be die he'd leave us eighing. We can't say whence he came or how He came so long ago, and now The Old Joke lies a-dying.

Old Joke, you must not die; You came to us so readily; You lived with us so steadily Old Joke, you shall not die. He brought a laugh in Greece, in Rome;

He kept the ancient world a-smiling. In every country he does roam, In every language finds a home, His humor all beguiling.
Old Joke, you must not go. So long you have been with us;

Such joy as you have seen with us. Old Joke, you shall not go. When clubs frothed bumpers to the brim, The jolly joke was aye on hand, Although his wits were waxing dim,

And wan the smile that greeted him. He always came upon demand. Old Joke, you must not die; We did so laugh to first meet you, Ere you had met the great Depaw,

Clubwomen took him up for tea, And warped his merry thought awry, And staid Directors on a spree Renewed his youth quite cheerily. And now must all his whimsies die? Every one for his own Told the rare old Joke, the rich old Joke, Named and claimed it as they spoke

Old Joke, you must not die.

How hard he dies! Each furny page Of every sober magazine Disports him all despite his age, And each appearance brings some praise.

Ah, sure his quibbles once were keen.

Every one for his own.

Once more speak out before you die, Old Joke, we'll dearly rue for you, What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die.

His wit is growing sharp and thin-Alack! our friend is gone. Shut off his fuse, stop useless din, Step from the corpse and let him in That standeth there alone, And waiteth at the door;

The same Cud Joke! There is no end/

There's a new joke on the floor, my friend, And a new joke at the door, my friend, A new joke at the door.

Come, give him place! Let's see his face-

The Lawyer Outdone

VETERAN member of the Baltimore bartells of an amusing cross-examination in a court of that city. The witness had seemed disposed to dodge the question of counsel for the defense.

'Sir," admontshed the counsel sternly. you need not state your impressions. We want facts. We are quite competent to form our own impressions. Now, Sir, answer me categorically.

From that time on he could get little more than 'yes" and "no" from the witness. Presently counsel asked:

You say that you live next door to the defendant?

"To the north of him?"

"To the south?" "No."

"Well, to the east, then?" " No.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the west of him, do you not?"

"How is that, Sir?" the astonished attorney asked "You say you live next door to him, yet he lives neither to the north, south, east, or west of you. What do you mean by that, Sir?" Whereupon the witness "came back."

I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness caimly, " but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."

----As a Favor to Bishop Doane

S is well known in New York State, a statute forbids the burist of burnan bodies in the City of Albany. Bishop Doans, it is said, was instrumental in having passed a special act permitting the interment of his remains,

when he should die, in the Cathedral at After quite a struggle the good man succeeded in getting his act passed by the lawmakers, but what was his aetoniahment and chagrin to observe a most extraordinary provision in the text.

After the usual verbiage there was a clause that ran something like this: "We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. to take effect immediately."

A Christmas Greeting

We have it from some ancient seer,
That Christmas comes but once a year—
(A truth I might myself have sprung
Had I lived when the world was young!)
But now I change it into this,
And send it with a Christmas kiss—
"Store Christmas kiss—"

"Since Christmas brings in peace and cheer, "May Christmas come for you all year?"

How Pa Queers the Christmas

By ELAINE DARLING. S the holidays draw nearer we all hear a lot of chaff, touching certain funny presents, and, no doubt, some of us laugh when we read how wives and daughters-sisters, too, are in the game-buy such queerish gifts for father for his Christmas, ('Tis a shame!)

We all know the nice, wise mother who her John a pair of soft slippers just her own size and not turn a single hair; and I once knew a young woman-she has long since joined the church-who'd purloin her lord's Havanas, and thus leave him in the so that on a Christmas morning she could gracefully produce a fresh box of fragrant Perlas and receive his thanks profuse. And so on, ad infinitum; but one rarely reads a line of the way pa queers the Christmas so I'll tell you now of mine.

Pather, dear, though not a rich man, always favored gifts of worth, and on every Christmas morning mother's joy somehow lacked mirth as she'd gaze upon her present-it was always much the same: a fine petticoat of satin, lace-bedecked, such as a dame might well wear to ball or party, (mother only went to church!) or, perhaps, a wondrous bonnet, (bought, no doubt, on some wild search,) that, by chance, might just have suited (mother liked her things so plain!) some erratic chorus lady whose desires were not so sane.

To one stater, Blanche Louisa, whom we never could induce to display the slightest interest in a doll, (she was a goose!) he would give the Frenchiest darligs-golden-haired and bright blue eyed-and them be dismayed completely when he'd hear how Blanchie sighed. Jane loved books; was transcendental; eschewed ribbons; wore plain stocks; but one year dear father's present was a pretty, pale pink box meant to hold all sorts of trumpery-made to order, too, at that! (She had set her mind on Thoreau, and-perhaps a Winter hat.)

Lyd, my nicest, prefflest sister, just adored big muffs and lace; so did L And so we tried to set the fashion for the place. I don't think pa meant to vex us, but he'd give to Lydia something like Kant's famous " Critiques "-me, a cyclopedia. To our brother, home from college-no man, dad thought, needs a gift!-he was apt to preach a sermon that sometimes did not uplift; for when Jack got mad he said things that were true, and then the talk, though polits. would be quite pointed, till-they'd had their Christmas walk.

Oh, no! Father was not stingy; though his presents did not fit. Men are never mean in that way, like the women-not a bit. But the holidays once over, we all knew that ma, poor dear! would fust have to make up somehow-save, perhaps, for a whole

The things that make life worth living are generally the things other people have.

It takes us half our lives to learn who our friends are, and the other half to keep them-